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ABSTRACT

This report, the second of seven, part of an interdisciplinary project on the context of reading and reading research that explores similarities and dissimilarities in the response to literature in readers from different cultures, describes the way in which potentially useful texts, i.e. folktales, were selected by team members. The report first specifies the criteria for the tales, in terms of length, authenticity, and provenance. The report then describes the selection procedure used for identifying three groups of potentially useful tales: three from Turkey, three from Denmark and five from Greenland. The background of each tale is given, along with a brief description of translation procedures, and then all the tales are printed, either in quasi-English translations, or in summaries. The report concludes with some generalized comments on the extent to which the aprioristic demands were met, and on the translation procedures. Ten references and an overview of the project are appended. (MS)

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FOLKTALE FOLKTALE FOLKTALE

FOLKTALE: A CROSS-CULTURAL, INTERDISCIPLINARY STUDY OF

THE EXPERIENCE OF LITERATURE.

REPORT NO. 2

The Research Team's Preliminary Selection of Potentially Useful Tales from Three Different Cultures for Future Work in the "Folktale"-Project.

Authors: Cay Dollerup, Iven Reventlow, Carsten Rosenberg Hansen.

ABSTRACT:

This report describes the way in which potentially useful texts, i.e. folktales, were selected by team-members (in 1979/80 and 1983) for the future work in the project in reader response.

The report specifies the criteria they had to meet in terms of length, authenticity, provenance, and the like. It then decribes the selection procedure used for identifying three groups of potentially useful tales, namely,

a) three tales from Turkey,
b) three tales form Denmark, and
c) five tales from Greenland.

The background of each tale is given; there is a brief description of translation procedures, and then all the tales are printed, either in quasi-English translations, or in summaries.

The report then finishes with some generalised comments on the extent to which the aprioristic demands were met, and on the translation procedures.

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Finally, we thank Christopher Tinson for having conscientiously corrected our English, and Annette Rasmussen for having typed the present report.

The stage described in the present report has been supported financially by the Department of English, University of Copenhagen; by private means; and the UNESCO.

In the present report we are concerned solely with the selection of tales for "Folktale", i.e. at the first stage where team-members select the tales in groups of 3 or 5. This was done with a view to a subsequent empirical selection in which the tales are read and compared by readers, so that we can identify the one tale in each group which elicits the most facetted response with readers.

I.0 Background

As mentioned in Report 1, we decided to use texts of oral provenance for our study concerning the experience of literature for the following reasons:

- the oral tradition was predominant all over the world until the last century, and still is so in many parts of the world.

- oral tales belong to local oral traditions and therefore connect better with the immediate cultural and social surroundings than "literate" texts.

- the narrators' non-proprietarian attitude to tales told means that we can - to some extent - dabble with the texts. This fact is important for three reasons: a) it permits us to delete surface features which we find have a distorting effect on the readers' experiences; b) it is legitimate to clarify features understandable to an "inside audience" when the tales are transferred to new cultures, as long as we keep the original intention in mind; and, c) when we establish a text in another language, it is also possible to change the source-text at points where the target language cannot adequately render the original text, i.e. we can, by changing the original, set up two texts in two different languages which are, semantically speaking, as "identical" as humanly possible.

Given these reasons, it is obvious that we are not dealing with true folktales in the "Folktale"-project but with approximations which we term literature (a point accepted, for instance, by the Encyclopædia Britannica.)

In the present context, i.e. the special stage of the "Folktale"-project described in this report, we are not

even concerned with the degree of approximation attained between the "original ideal tale" told by a narrator and the printed tale we use. In other words, we do not - at this stage and in this report - attempt to describe the 'filters' that recorders, translators and we have inserted between the "ideal tales" which existed only in unique story-telling events, and the texts our readers meet with (for a more detailed description of these filters, see Dollerup, Holbek, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, 1984).

We are concerned exclusively with the textual selection undertaken by team-members which narrowed down the number of potentially useful tales, viz., those which will then be subjected to an empirical selection, namely readers' responses, as outlined in the next stage in the general plan for the whole study (see Report 1:10 [section III.2]).

The aims of the work described - in this stage - were therefore to identify some folktales which satisfied the following criteria:

1. They must be from different cultures.

2. They must be as authentic as possible, i.e. they must be recorded by, or at the very least be approved by, an authority on folktale collecting in the country in question.

3. If possible, they must be told by competent narrators, "active" narrators, i.e. persons whose standing within the local society was - in terms of specialization - on a par with that of established authors.

4. The length of the narratives should not exceed 3,000 words; if possible, they should be shorter.

5. We must have some reasons for assuming that the tales selected will elicit a fair number of legitimate responses with readers (The concept of legitimate responses, i.e. responses which cannot be ruled out as independent of the texts in question, was developed in Dollerup, Reventlow, and Rosenberg Hansen, 1984c, 6 and 54-55).

II.0 The Choice of Cultures

The procedure employed is a modified version of the one developed in Denmark for the "Fairytale"-study:

In "Fairytale" we used three groups of fairytales. One was Turkish, another Danish, and the third one was a group where versions of the tales were known from both Denmark and Turkey (see Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985a, 5).

We have since concluded that the thinking behind these choices was riddled with errors: it was based on some poorly worked out assumptions in folklore (Dollerup, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, 1984c).

In the present context we are trying to identify tales, independent of genre, which are carriers of authentic communal and hence cultural norms thanks to their oral provenance. What matters is then primarily authenticity of provenance.

Deriving from, respectively, an Islamic culture, and from an agricultural and allegedly Christian society, the three Turkish tales and the three Danish tales originally selected at a similar stage in the "Fairytale"-study, meet these demands (for a description of the selection, see Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b). In addition, we are familiar with some version of these tales. There is no need to complicate matter unnecessarily, and therefore we take over these two groups of tales for use in the "Folktale"-project.

This does not apply to the last group of tales in the defunct "Fairytales"-study, and that group is therefore useless in this context.

In order to find a group of tales we could use in "Folktale" we therefore consulted Danish anthropologists in order to identify cultures with available collections of authentic folktales. The outcome was that we decided to use tales selected from the collection of Greenlandic tales recorded by Erik Holtved in 1936 and 1937.

III.0 The Selection of the Texts

On the following pages a brief description of the selection of the tales in each group is given, followed by the tales themselves, either in brief summaries, if no English text is readily available, or in some quasi-English version.

IV.0 The Turkish (Islamic) Group

IV.1 The Selection of the Turkish Tales

The procedure for selecting the three tales in this group has been described elsewhere in more detail (Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b, 44-45). To put it briefly, summaries of six Turkish tales were sent to us in Denmark. Two of them were discarded for various reasons (e.g. being an anecdote); and one more was then dropped from the study by Doltas and Sevgen. We thus had three tales left.

These tales are all printed in Pertev Boratav's collection of Turkish tales Az gittik uz gittik (Ankara 1969). They were translated in 1979/1980 for the "Fairytale"-study, but were subjected to an unusual translation procedure between Turkish and English (see Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b, 12-14).

In the "Folktale"-project in 1983/II the texts were therefore translated directly from Turkish into Danish by Mr Viron Valasaki. Some minor problems in translation which were solved by a discussion betweeen the translator and the director of the study (they concerned e.g. the semantically best translation of the title of Keloğlan). After the translation proper, the Danish renderings were checked for stylistic inelegancies before being presented to Danish readers.

IV.2 Background Information on the Turkish Tales

The three tales selected were

1. Keloglan Who Went Out to Become Man to the Women for Men (Erler-Karısına koca olmaya giden Keloğlan)(henceforth Keloglan);

2. Father of Six Girls (Altı kız babası); and

3. The Small Cooking Pot (Tencerecik).

Keloglan is printed by Boratav, pp. 62-68. The tale was recorded from Boratav's mother, Sidika Boratav in 1939 in Ankara. She had heard it from a woman in Gemlik around 1900 (Boratav, 374).

Father Of Six Girls is printed on pp. 194-204 in Boratav. The tale was recorded by Mr Kemal Çiğ, a student of Boratav's, in 1939 in Gönen from Ms. Emine [a first name]. She was approximately 50 and nicknamed Telci [meaning: "string", possibly because she sold strings, cords, laces] (Boratav, 379). In translation the title was changed to The Gold Apple - as it is not clear whether the printed title was used by the original narrator or whether it is a later addition; furthermore, the printed Turkish title is clearly misleading. Two fairly long strings of disconnected words implying distance in time and space were left out.

The Small Cooking Pot is printed pp. 255-257. It was recorded by Boratav himself in 1962 from his mother, Sidika Boratav in Paris (383).

Below are summaries of the three tales.

IV.3 Summaries of the Turkish Tales

IV.3.1 Keloglan (Summary)

There was once a Keloglan and his mother. Every evening when he went to the coffee-house he sat down in a corner. And when the young men boasted, they said "Courage is to become man to the woman for men." Therefore Keloglan decided to become man to her, despite his mother's attempts to talk him out of it.

He walked over hill and dale for six months and a harvest, and turning around he saw he had hardly moved. Eventually, however, he saw some light on a mountain. When he arrived at it, he saw a giant woman, and by sucking her breasts, which were hanging over her shoulders, he became her son, whom she could not eat but had to protect from her family.

She transformed him into a broom, and when her sons came home, they smelt human flesh. When they were about to eat, their mother told them (indirectly) what had happened; and they, too, accepted Keloglan as a brother.

Keloglan was then changed back into a human being, and they had their meal. After the giants had had their dinner, they went to bed. They all slept very well except Keloglan, who claimed that every evening his mother used to bake some cakes for him before bedtime. So despite her anger, the giantess now had to make some for Keloglan.

He soon complains that the cake is stuck in his stomach, and adds that his mother would make him some mutton. So this the giantess does, too.

Soon Keloglan needs to go to the toilet building. But the giantess is suspicious, so he offers to keep a rope tied round his waist.

As soon as he is outside, he ties the rope to the pole of the toilet and runs away.

After some time, the giantess calls to him. Getting no answer, she pulls the rope and the toilet building falls down. Pulling up a tree in anger, she sets out after Keloglan, while the birds in the tree sang, and her scarf made sounds like tambourines and clinking dowry (i.e. coins).

Turning, Keloglan saw her coming, and met a frog. When he asked for help, it hid him, but eventually asked him to go on, because it was afraid. So the pursuit continued with the giantess and her tree, the birds, and her clinking scarf.

Keloglan next met a tortoise. Asked for help, it hid him under its shell, but in seeing the giantess, it too got scared and asked him to move on.

The pursuit continued; at last Keloglan met a hedgehog. It hid him under a millstone and continued working its mill.

The giantess arrived, asked for Keloglan. As the hedgehog did not react, she swallowed it. It pierced her stomach, came out and sat down at its mill again.

Once more it was swallowed, and once more it reappeared.

The third time is was swallowed, the giantess' stomach was so full of holes that she died. Then Keloglan cut off her ears, and took them with him.

He went to the coffee-house, where the young men were talking about the woman for men.

At last Keloglan produced the ears, and was much admired; he received presents, he was given the place of honour and became rich.

IV.3.2 The Gold Apple (originally "The Father of Six Girls")

A man with six daughters is repeatedly humiliated at the coffee-house when his daughters are referred to as bitches by a neighbour who has six sons. This goes on for five evenings, and every night the man gets depressed. Starting with the eldest, his daughters invariably believe someone has asked for their hand in marriage. The sixth time, his youngest daughter suggests that he should accuse the other man of having curs (i.e. sons). Undaunted, his neighbour answers that although they are curs, they can steal the apple from Beyoglu's pocket, which the girls cannot.

The youngest daughter suggests that her father makes a wager, and after an altercation which is resolved by the authorities, the two men send off their youngest children. The daughter is disguised as a boy, and at a bridge she uses her wits to get across it, whereas the boy kills his horse out of anger.

She stays overnight with an old woman who gives her yeast and a little dog for her quest. The girl uses the yeast to part some waters. And eventually she arrives at Beyoglu's castle.

Incapable of making up his mind as to whether it is a girl or a boy, Beyoglu nevertheless falls in love with the stranger, and asks his mother for help.

His mother suggests that since girls are by nature warmer than men, they can find out the visitor's sex by placing rose leaves under the girl's mattress. However, she stays up all night smoking, so the rose leaves are still quite fresh in the morning.

She is then taken to the market-place where she is supposed

to weep when hit on the chin, but in spite of losing a tooth takes it all as a joke. Neither does she show any particular interest in jewellery as a girl normally would: she wants to buy a knife.

The last trick is to take her to the bath-house, where she keeps Beyoglu waiting in the bath while she steals his gold apple and rides home. Here she is rewarded and her father is given a pension. The neighbour is spat upon.

Beyoglu misses her, and as she has left her address, he sends a sorceress to her home. The sorceress has some turtle-doves which she gives to the girl, ostensibly because she has a beautiful smile - which can also serve to identify her thanks to the pearl she inserted in place of the lost tooth.

Before leaving, the sorceress warns the girl not to feed the two doves at the same time. But after forty days and nights the girl does so, and is then carried off to Beyoglu where they are married and given a clothing shop by his father.

IV.3.3 The Small Cooking Pot

Once upon a time there was a poor woman and her daughter. The mother spent the night spinning and in the morning the daughter went to the market-place.

One day, at the place where the daughter was to buy bread, she saw a pot for sale. As she liked the pot she bought it; but at home her mother gave her a beating - for now they had nothing to eat. And the pot was thrown out into the street.

The next day a midwife was on her way back from a birth and caught sight of the nice pot in the street. She picked it up, cleaned it, and used it for cooking stuffed vine leaves. As she was about to eat them she was called away for another birth, so she decided to eat when she returned. But the pot left, and made its way to the girl's house. The girl opened the door, took the stuffed vine leaves out of the pot and then threw it into the street.

The emperor's wife caught sight of the wonderful pot in the street and told the nanny to pick it up. At the bath-house she put all her diamonds and pearls into it. She left it with the nanny, who fell asleep. The pot made its way back to the girl's house, and knocked at the door.

This time the girl emptied it of the jewellery, which she put on, and then threw the pot into the street again.

Next day the prince was on his way to the bath-house. He ordered a servant to pick up the pot. After he had washed in the bath-house, the pot took him to the girl's house. It knocked on the door. The girl took off the lid and saw the prince, and he in turn saw the girl in all her finery. He proposed to her, and was accepted; and they celebrated their wedding. The small cooking pot was given the place of honour in their home.

V.0 The Danish (Nordic) Group

V.I The Selection of the Danish Tales

The procedure for selecting the three tales in this group has been described in more detail elsewhere (Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b, 17-18), and, hence, a brief outline will suffice: Mr Bengt Holbek was working with a group of 25 Danish folktales recorded by the Danish collector Evald Tang Kristensen (1843-1929) from Jutlandic people. As Bengt Holbek's tales were exclusively from people who had supplied Evald Tang Kristensen with at least five tales, we were - accordingly - sure that the narrators were competent.

The number of tales was reduced to six after Bengt Holbek had ascertained that the rest had known Aarne-Thompson type counterparts in Turkey. In the context of the present study, this procedure need not have been followed; on the other hand, it means that the six tales are fairly Danish as there were no obvious counterparts in Turkey. This number was further reduced when three of the six stories turned out to have more than 3,000 words.

The three remaining tales - from the 1870's and 1880's - were not verbatim recordings: however, Evald Tang Kristensen used a system of rapid notation which was so reliable, that he preserved the characteristics of his narrators. Two of the tales had been printed by Evald Tang Kristensen himself, whereas the last one is preserved in MS form in Dansk Folkemindesamling (The Danish Folklore Archives).

The procedure we used for modernising the tales in Danish has been described accurately and in detail (Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b, 21-23). In brief: The texts were modernised in terms of punctuation, so that there were more full stops, and archaic and dialect words were deplaced by more modern equivalents. Before the texts were typed and given to the readers, some dialectal expressions and words were checked with the Danish dialectologist, Ms. Inger Ejskjær, to ensure that the meaning had been preserved. As we had, thus, already in the previous study used a procedure which was up to the standard required for the

"Folktale"-project, we have transferred that part of the Fairy-tale study, i.e. the team's selection of the tales and the subsequent empirical selection studies to "Folktale" to save unnecessary work.

V.2 Background Information on the Danish Tales

The Danish tales selected were

1. The Girl and the Dog (Pigen og Hunden),
2. Per Smed's Whip (Per Smeds Pisk), and
3. The Prince and the Tiger child (Prinsen og Tigerbarnet).

The Girl and the Dog exists only as an unrevised MS at Dansk Folkemindesamling (ETK No. 1350). It was told to Evald Tang Kristensen by Ane Dorotea Jensdatter (1821-1892) between 15 and 20 April 1888. She lived at Havbjerg, Thise, c. 15 kilometres north of Skive.

Per Smed's Whip was narrated to Evald Tang Kristensen by Mads Thomsen Bæk (1835 - died sometime after 1904), 20-22 February 1874, in Tvis, c. 6 kilometres southeast of Holstebro. The tale was printed in Æventyr fra Jylland, Tredje Samling, 299-304, and a collation with the manuscript brought to light one minor difference: it is only in the printed version, Per Smed says "It was a pærtegøjj" to the squire when all are in the yard of the manor. The sentence is retained, because it underlines the indication in subsequent sentences that the squire accepts some kind of partial responsibility for the whole thing: it is only because the steward abused the squire's power vicariously that he could attempt to get rid of Per.

The Prince and the Tiger Child was recorded by Evald Tang Kristensen from Mette Marie Jensdatter/Mette Skrædder (1809-1896/97) in June/July 1889. The tale is printed in Æventyr fra Jylland, Fjerde Samling (1897), 31-36.

On the following pages we give quasi-English translations of these texts. It is a revision, made by Chris Tinson in 1985, of some texts made by the Danish director in 1979 with encoded linguistic information (see Dollerup, Doltas, Reventlow, Rosenberg Hansen, Sevgen, 1985b, 23-24).

V.3 The Danish Tales

V.3.1 The Girl and the Dog

There was once a little girl. Her father and mother had died, so naturally she realised she would be unable to manage. She therefore wants to go and see if she can get into service; and she goes out into the wide world.

She enters a wood, and there is a woman, cutting twigs and wood and suchlike. Then she says to her: "Where are you going, little girl?" Well, she was on her way to get into service. "Then you can come into service with me, so come home with me, and we'll agree on your wages. You'll have to do three things, and once you have done them, you'll get your wages." Now that sounded like a nice job, the girl felt, and went home with her.

However, she was a dwarfwomen, and this the girl did not know.

Then she comes with a pail and tells her to go and milk the five goats which were standing out there. The girl picks up the pail and goes over there. Then they stand there, flying, and hopping, and jumping, and she cannot get anywhere with them. There is nothing she can do, and she starts to cry, you see, and doesn't know what to do. Then a little dog comes to her and says: "What are you weeping for, little girl?" "Woe is me," she says, "I must milk these five goats and they are hopping and jumping and I cannot get anywhere with them." - "Well, if you kiss me I will milk them for you," says the dog. She was certainly willing to do that, and so she kissed him. Now the dog milked the goats and then she went to the woman with the pail. When she sees it, she says: "The one who taught you that did not smite you on the mouth! But now your are to carry out the second task."

And she gives her a sieve: "Now you go and carry water with the sieve to fill the kettle." Naturally this was impossible; and she stands outside sick and weeps again. Then the little dog once more comes up to her and says: "So what are you weeping for this time, my little girl?" - "Oh, woe is on me," she says, "here I am in dire trouble. I must carry water to fill the kettle, and I must bring it in this sieve; but, as you know, that is impossible." - "Well, if you'll kiss me," it says, "then I shall bring the water in for you." Yes, she was definitely willing, and then she kisses the dog. He then fills the kettle up with water, and now two tasks have been accomplished. When the woman sees that, she ways: "The one who taught you that did not smite you on the mouth."

But then, of course, there was the third task, and that was that she sends her down to Hell to get a cake. But naturally she did not know where Hell was, so she walked tearfully along the road. Then the dog comes to her once more: "What's wrong with you now, little girl?" Well, she had to go to Hell and get a cake, but she didn't know where it was. "Well, if you get there your are sure to be killed," he says, "but if you'll kiss me, I shall direct you through all the evil things you'll meet." Sure, she was agreeable to that, and she kisses him.

Then he shows her to a green path and says: "Go along here, and then you'll come to a scythe you must get under. But here's a couple of hooks to put on it. Then it will not fall down, for otherwise it will fall down and kill you. Then you'll come to a hen and its chickens; here is some grain you can give them, otherwise they'll fly at you and tear your eyes out. Once you have passed them, you'll get to a cat with some kittens, so here's some milk to give them, otherwise they'll fly at you and tear out your stomach. Then you enter Hell and there's a girl lighting a fire with her arms in an oven. Here, then, is a sheaf of rushes you can give her to light the fire. Then, finally, you come to the hag who is to give you the cake. She'll make you some flour-porridge, but you must take care not to eat any of it. Put it in your pocket!"

Now things happen exactly the way the dog has said: She comes to the scythe and puts it on the hooks, she comes to a hen with its chickens and gives them the grain; and to a cat with kittens and gives them the milk and eventually to the woman lighting the fire in the oven. So she got the sheaf of rushes. And then the girl comes to the old hag there in Hell and asks her for a cake. Well, then the hag runs off and makes her some flour-porridge, comes back and puts it in front of her, and then she goes into the kitchen again. Shortly afterwards she returns, and by then, as you know, the girl has put it in her pocket. Now when the hag sees that the porridge is gone, she asks: "Flour-porridge, where are you?" - "In the girl's leather bag," it ways. So the girl had to take it out again, and the hag tells her to eat it. She goes out into the kitchen again and then the girl puts it into her bosom. Then the hag returns: "Flour-porridge, where are you?" "In the girls bosom," it says. Then it was most curious that she did not die of it, now it was in her. So she has the cake, and sets off homewards.

She passes the woman who is lighting the oven, and then she comes to the cat. But the hag was behind her and said to the woman: "Throw her into the oven!" - "No," she says, "that I will not, for she was a nice girl: she gave me a sheaf of rushes to light the oven." So she shouts to the cat to fly at her and scratch open her stomach. "No," it says "that I will not do, for she was a nice girl, she gave me all the milk both I and my kittens could lap up." So the girl passes it and comes to the hen. The hag cries to it and the chickens, ordering them to pick out the girl's eyes. "No," they say, "she was a nice girl: she gave us all the grain we could eat." She then comes to the scythe. The hag rushes up to it and tells it to fall down and kill her. "No," it says, "that I will not do, for she was a nice girl; she gave me a couple of hooks to hang on, and you would not give me any."

Then the girl comes home with the cake to the other hag, and now, as you know, she had completed her task and finished service.

So she gets her wages and then goes along a green path in the wood. Then the little dog joins her again: "Now I've done you so many favours," it says. "Will you be so kind as to do me one?" Yes, as far as she was able. "Now, when I put my head on that stump, take the axe and cut off my head and put it quickly on my arse." "No that would be a shame," she says,

"that I cannot do." "Well, provided you do as I say, then it is all right."

So she did it, and she put its head on its arse, and then it becomes the most handsome prince she could possibly imagine: You see, he had been enchanted, but had now once again become a human being. Then the two of them got married, and that's the end of the story.

V.3.2 Per Smed's Whip

There was once an old man called Per Smed. He was a widower. Then he remarried and got himself a very pretty young wife.

He lived close to a big manor-house, and on the estate there was a steward who had very lusty designs on Per Smed's wife - and she had no objections to this at all - so the steward and the wife discuss how to do away with Per Smed. He says that if she doesn't give him away, then he would soon take care of matters. Good, but he must not kill him, she says, for she thought that would really be a pity. No, of course he wouldn't, for he was going to do away with him in a proper way.

"Now, when he gets home, you tell him that the squire has ordered him to see to it that the manor is paved with small stones before twenty-four hours have passed: if not, then he is to forfeit his life: but if he can manage to do it, then he'll get three hundred dalers!" Yes, this she was willing to do: and when Per Smed came home, his wife tells him what the steward had told her to say. "No," he says, "I've never done any paving, I've never learnt how to," so he would rather run away, and of course he is given some money and then wants to make himself scarce. Naturally, his wife was happy about that, for she thought that if he ran away they wouldn't have to bother about having him done away with.

So he starts running and eventually comes to a wood, where he meets an old woman who asks him where he was going. Well, he was running away, for he had to have the squire's manor paved before twenty-four hours had passed, and if he was unable to do it he was going to forfeit his life, and naturally he was not too keen on this idea. Then she says, Oh, no, there was no danger of this happening, for if he gave her three marks, then he could just go up to the manor-house early the next morning, and the manor was sure to be paved.

Well, it's no surprise, of course, that he was willing to do this, so then he turns round and walks back home. In the morning, when Per Smed came to the manor-house, the ground was sparkling as if it had been paved with coins. So he knocks at the door: he wanted his three hundred dalers!

Then the steward thought: "But that's awful - he really managed to do it!" And he starts to suspect that Per Smed has something or other to do with the troll; well, now he would give him some task he certainly could not carry out, he thought. There was this swamp and a great morass around the manor-house, so he tells the wife to inform Per that he has to plant it, so that there was a whole forest, before twenty-four hours had passed, or else he would forfeit his life: but if he could do

it, then he'd get six hundred dalers! So when Per Smed came home to his wife, that is what she tells him. "No, I cannot do that," he says, "I've never tried to plant anything in my whole life; I cannot plant!" "Well, then, that will be the end of you," she says. No, in that case he'd run away, and once more he comes running to the wood.

There he meets the same old woman, and of course she asks him where he is off to this time. Well, he was running away, because he had to plant the morass around the manor-house with trees by early tomorrow morning; if not, he was to forfeit his life: but it was obviously quite impossible, he simply couldn't do it! "Well," she says, "you give me three marks and then go on home. Early tomorrow morning go up to the manor-house. But be careful that you don't lose your way, for there will be a very thick fog, and there will be many trees to walk between all the way from your house up to the manor-house."

So then Per Smed goes home to his wife; she was not exactly pleased with him, but nevertheless she did not show it in any way. He was anxious to see whether the trees would be there or not. In the morning he was up and about early, for if they were not there, he would of course run away again, in order not to forfeit his life. But when he came out, his house was completely surrounded by trees, and the land up to the manor-house and all the way around it, where the swamp had been, was thickly planted with trees. So he sets off for the manor-house; very, very cautious he had to be, so as not to lose his way in the thick fog. And he knocks at the steward's to get him out of bed and come and look over the job.

Then the steward no longer believed it was possible to do away with him in a proper way: but he goes on thinking about it. Then one day he goes to the wife and says there is one more thing they should try: this time, when her husband came home, she was to make him believe that he had been ordered to make a paertegoejj, and it had to be one which would amuse people when they saw it. Well, his wife tells him that he has to make a paertegoejj within twenty-four hours; and if he did not make it, he would lose his life: but if he made it, he would get nine hundred dalers! No, he couldn't make one, he had never ever seen a paertegoejj, nor had he even heard of one before. So he would run away, for he quite naturally did not wish to lose his life!

Now he was really afraid that he might not meet the old woman this time, for he wanted very much to talk to her about this paertegoejj, too. But he was in luck, and met her on his way through the wood. Then she questions him in her usual way, of course, and he tells her what it was about.

All right, then, he could stay with her for a while, she said: it was all because of the steward, who was lusting after his wife; and that was why the two of them were doing their utmost to have him killed or make him run away. "Now, I want three marks from you," she says, "and then I'll give you a whip. As long as this whip is whole, then everything you say will really happen, but as soon as you break it, then nothing you say will happen any more. Now when you get home, the steward will be in bed with your wife; she will want you to get into the bed, but this you must not do. Just sit down at the end of the table and smoke your pipe. After a while your wife is sure to want to relieve herself, and she will take hold of the

chamber-pot; then, when she wants to put it down, take the whip and give her a little flick with it, saying at the same time: "Hold tight!" Then she won't be able to let go of the pot. And whatever tries to grab it, keep saying "Hold tight!" until your paertegoejj is fixed." Then Per Smed gives her the three marks and sets off home with his whip.

He goes in and sits down at the end of the table and lights his pipe. Then his wife says from the bed: "Is that you, dear Per?" Yes, it was. Wouldn't he like to get into bed with her and warm up a bit, wasn't he cold? No, he would not; can't she see he is sitting there smoking!

Eventually she has to relieve herself and reaches for the pot - which was, of course, what he was waiting for. Just as she was about to put it down again, Per says "Hold tight!" Then she couldn't let go of it, and lay there thrashing and banging the pot around. When she realised that she simply couldn't let go of it, she began to yell for the maid. She was in a room close by, and had taken off all her clothes, so she is stark naked and comes running in in her birthday suit. Then when she sees it is only the woman banging the pot around, she gets angry and clouts the woman on the head, grabs the pot and tries to snatch it away from her. "Hold tight!" says Per. So then the two of them stood there pulling and heaving it from one side to the other. Now, the steward was still in bed, and he thought they were really a couple of odd ones, not being able to let go of the pot: he jumps out of bed and grabs the pot, wanting to pull it away from them and smash it to pieces. "Hold tight!" says Per Smed; and he was left standing there with the others!

Now Per Smed went up to them with his whip and gave them a sound thrashing, but of course it was the steward who came off worst. Then he drove the three of them outside and off he goes with them to a big field where some farmhands had been cutting grass for some days. There the girl grabs a handful of grass and thrusts it between her legs: she felt very naked. "Hold tight!" says Per Smed.

He went on for a little while, and passes through another field where there were some old cows and not much grass; then one of them noticed the girl with the big bunch of grass and goes over to try and take it. "Hold tight!" says Per, and it, too, now continued on with them.

Shortly afterwards they passed through another big field where there were some bulls; one of them jumped up on the cow, probably thinking it was in heat. "Hold tight!" says Per, and drove the whole lot up to the manor courtyard. When they got there, the hands see this long, straining mass, and they guffawed horribly.

This was heard by the squire, who was wondering where the steward was, since nobody had set the hands to work. So he jumps out of bed to go and find out. Then he sees the steward in the courtyard, pulling at this thing, so he hurriedly puts on some underwear and charges off. He was more than just angry, and fetches the steward a mighty clout on the head: what was he pulling and straining away at a thing like that for? Why didn't he go and set the serfs to work: Well, he couldn't let go of it, he says. Then the man jumps at it and grabs the steward, trying to pull him free. "Hold tight!" says Per Smed, and

there the man was!

Now it seemed curious to his wife that her husband should stay away so long after running out in his underwear. So she went out to look for him, and what does she see? There he was, standing and pulling away at the steward. She runs over and grabs hold of him, since it was obvious that he was freezing. "Hold tight!" says Per Smed.

Just then the man notices Per Smed. "Good day to you, Per Smed," he says, "is it you who has put this thing together?" Yes, it was: it was a paertegoejj. If he could take it apart as nicely as he had put it together: Yes, as long as he got eighteen hundred dalers, and the man either shot the steward or had him banished from the country. Yes, he would do both those things.

Then Per Smed broke his whip, and the whole lot could come apart: they all ran back to where they had come from as fast as possible. Per Smed and his wife and the maid ran home: the steward went off to set the hands to work: and the man went indoors with his wife. When he had put his clothes on, he went out to tell the steward that he could go wherever he wanted - he didn't want him any longer! And from then on Per Smed and his wife were left in peace, and they really did get on wonderfully well.

V.3.3 The Prince and the Tiger Child

There was a woman and a man. They had been married for several years, but had no children; each blamed the other and was embarassed about it: she said he couldn't make one and he said she couldn't have one.

Then she complained to a wise woman [i.e. a quack] about it. She advises her to take to her bed, and "then you must make your husband come to me; and tell him that I have promised you something to help [i.e. something efficacious], and that he must collect it."

Well, the man comes home, and then, as you know, she's ill. She asks him if he would mind going to the wise woman, for she had promised to send her something which might help. He didn't mind at all, and left. When he comes to this wise woman, she gives him a pot [a jar]; but he must not see what was in it, and this he should give her. But he did look into it anyway while he was walking home, and it turned out that there were three small salmon in it. It seemed to him that two were enough for his wife, so he could eat the third one - and this he does. He comes home to his wife with the two salmon, and she eats them. The next year she gets with child, and so does her husband; but understandably enough he's very embarassed about it.

When the birth was due, he ran into the woods, for of course nobody must know he was expecting. In other words he gave birth to the child in the wood. And when it was over, he ran away, leaving it there. Soon after a snake came by, and it took the child; but then came a tiger, and it tore the snake to pieces. The tiger had recently had cubs, but something had taken them [viz. illness, weakness, some person, some animal], and then it took the child, and it came to the tiger's dug. When it felt that the child could suck the dug, it ran away with it to its lair

and laid it on some moss. Now it went on giving suck to the child - it was a little girl - and she grew up.

But then the tiger grew older and eventually died of old age. Now she was alone down there in the lair and didn't learn to talk or anything else, and she knew neither human beings nor animals, and was afraid of everything. Nonetheless she made a cover to put on and put the lair in order with branches and leaves.

One day the prince was riding through the wood, he came to a spot, and then his horse pawed right on top of it. "I wonder what it is?" he thinks, and gets off and looks. Then he finds the hatch she had for getting out when she wanted food, and he opens it and starts looking around. In the end he finds the girl down there: she had no clothes on, only leaves.

Then he desires her, for she was so ineffably pretty, and he brings her home and is determined to have her. Now his father had died, but his mother was alive, and she gets highly offended that he wants somebody who cannot talk: after all it was only a beast he had dug out of the ground, she said. But he paid no heed to what she said, and provided clothes for her, and they were married.

Some time later she got with child. But then, at the same time, the neighbouring king sent for him: he must definitely come and help him, for enemies had invaded the country. Then he goes over there; and in the meantime the queen gives birth to a boy. His mother takes it at once and hands it over to one of the maids, telling her to go and drown it. And then she smears the sick wife's mouth with blood and says she was a beast who had eaten her own child. But the maid didn't drown the boy; she put it in a watertight coffer, which she put into a creek, for she did not have the heart to kill him herself. Then the coffer floated down to a watermill and there they picked it up, and of course found a pretty child. Then the people at the mill wanted to bring it up, for they felt sure that some girl must have got rid of it in this fashion.

When the king came home, his mother told him so and so, and, accordingly, she wanted him to have his wife killed: she had eaten her own child and was therefore a wretched, dumb human being. But, of course, the king would not yield to her, nor did he want the queen to be punished in any way.

Then she gets with child again, and once more the king goes to war: the neighbouring king had sent for him, entreating him to come and help him. While he is gone, the queen gives birth to the second child, and it, too, is put out, for the mother acts in exactly the same way. The second coffer floats down to another watermill, so there they also got a child.

Now when the king comes home, his mother tells him her version of what had happened: of course the queen was not even as intelligent as a dumb animal, and she was a wretched beast towards her child, and whatever else she could hit on saying; and once again she demands that she be killed. The queen was, as we know, a poor thing, and couldn't defend herself since she couldn't talk, but nevertheless she was pardoned, for the king was very fond of her.

Then she gets with child for the third time, and once again the neighbouring king sends for the king; would he please come

and help him, for now the enemies were on the move again. While he was away, the queen gave birth to the child, and straight away his mother came and picked it up and took it to the maid, so that she could go and drown it. But she didn't have the heart to do that: she put the child in a watertight box and set it afloat on the creek. Then the old queen went in to the young one and smeared her mouth with blood and then told other people that she had eaten it. The box with the child floated down the creeek to a third watermill, and there the people found it and took the child as their own: it was probably some girl who had got into trouble who had put it out [or: 'exposed it'].

Now when the king came home, his mother, understandably enough, told him about how the queen had eaten her third child, as well. He didnt't want to listen to it, but he had to. Then the old mother wanted her to be burnt, but the king wouldn't have it, and then he decides that she shall be driven away in style and taken to the end of the world. She is put in a carriage and gets a coachman and a servant, and something to eat in the carriage; and the coach was draw by six horses, as befitted a queen.

Then they drive off, but as soon as she gets outside the gate, she suddenly finds she is able to talk, She tells the coachman to go to a watermill which she then described to him: it was the one her eldest son had gone to: and there they were also to stay the night. The coachman was, however, surprised when he heard that she could talk now, for he had always thought that she was mute. He drives over there, and they are well received since they arrived in a coach-and-six. Then she goes in and was seated at the table.

Now at that time it was customary to ask riddles and questions at table when they had finished eating. So she had to do it, too, and had to be the first, since she was now a stranger. Then she says: "A fish is my father, a man is my mother, a snake bore me, a tiger brought me up, a horse gave me my husband, and I've had three children in wedlock, all three alive, nevertheless dead all three, and yet all three still living." So, there was the question, and if they could not answer it they had to give her a coach drawn by six horses, like her own, and in addition the little boy who was walking around: she could use him as a servant. No, they could not solve the riddle, and then they lost coach and horses and coachman; and naturally she got the boy as well.

The next day she went to the second watermill and told the coachman that they were to stay the night there. When they were at table, she asked them the same riddle, and if they couldn't solve it, then she wanted three coaches-and-six, like the one she was driving in, and coachmen and servants. No, they couldn't solve the riddle, and so they had to hand over the coaches, and, furthermore, she wanted the little boy who was running around in the room.

The third day she drove to the third watermill and stayed the night there; and she asked them the same riddle and got nine coaches-and-six and coachmen and servants, and the little boy who was walking around the room as well.

Well, then she drove off, wanting to look around the realm. Finally she came driving home to the castle, but they didn't recognise her. When she drove into the castle with four coaches,

for she herself was sitting in the first one and each of her sons in the others, then she was well received and placed at table. There she posed her riddle and added more explanation than at the other places. This time the riddle went as follows: "A fish is my father, a man is my mother, a snake bore me and a tiger brought me up, a horse gave me my husband, and I've had three children in wedlock, all three alive, nevertheless all three dead, but yet all three are still living. The maids were without doubt the kindest ones to them, for they put them in coffers, and then they came to the mills where they were brought up. And then, outside the gate I found I was able to speak; and only since then have I been trying to find my sons again. Here they are, all three of them!"

The king could solve that riddle, and the mother-in-law, who had made him believe that the queen had eaten her own children and who had smeared her mouth with blood, was punished. So the king and the queen were reunited, and have been living happily ever since.

VI.0 The Greenlandic (Inuit) Group

VI.I The Selection of the Greenlandic Tales

The Greenlandic tales are from a collection of Greenlandic stories recorded by Erik Holtved among the Thule Eskimos in 1936-37. Some were taken down in dictate, others by means of a disc-recorder. The records were transscribed some years later. In 1946 Holtved returned to Thule to go over the narratives with the original narrators to check certain obscure points.

He transcribed the tales into a kind of phonetic print, which he translated into English in an interlinear version. A more fluent English version was printed in an additional volume.

Our selection work started in spring 1983, after we had concluded that Holtved's collection appeared to be the best material available, and our discussions went on until August '83: All the c. 180 texts printed by Holtved were read by the three of us, and - after deciding that tales of less than 300 words would not be considered at all - we each made a list of the stories that seem potentially useful. Tales favoured by only one of us were discarded, and the rest read over again and discussed in terms of themes and cultural norms in three rounds with gradual rejection of some tales. This narrowed the field until we were left with five tales. Of these, we did not consider it necessary at all to test out the longest one, No. 37,

The Blind Boy and his Sister, which was more cogent and more 'European' than the others. This meant that the story would fare well with readers. It was, however, kept in reserve in case none of the others "worked".

As a final check we had the Danish eskimologist Ms Inge Kleivan read the tales to make sure that all five were characteristic of Greenlandic tales.

The last four tales were then translated into Danish from English by the Danish director of the study in 83/II. The translation was close; in some few cases it was, however, necessary to add some kind of clarification to the Danish texts before they were typed out for the empirical selection found.

VI.2 Background Information on the Greeenlandic Tales

Holtved gives a detailed description of the individual narrators in his introduction to the phonetic transcriptions of the tales in volume I (Holtved 1951a).

The tales selected were

1. Qilugtussat (ə:The Pleiades)(No. 6), told by Amaunalik and printed (in English in II: 16-18),

2. The Blind Boy and His Sister (The Genesis of the Narwhale (No. 37), told by Amaunalik (II: 59-64),

3. The Body Snatcher Troll (The Origin of the Fog) (No. 42 Var. A), narrated by Inugrassuk (II: 74-75),

4. Navaranâpaluk (No. 80), told by Amaunalik (II: 103-105),

5. The Deserted Girls (No. 130), narrated by Amaunalik (II: 132-133).

The stories reprinted on the following pages are, then, from Holtved's translations into fluent English (volume II), and only 1, 3, 4, and 5 were translated into Danish.

VI.3.1 **6. Qilugtûssat (ɔ: "The Pleiades").**

(Text: I, p. 50. Amaunalik — Phon.)

A married couple, it is told, began to fight, and when the man beat her, the wife at last went away as a mountain-walker. For a long time she wandered along. Suddenly she caught sight of a large house-entrance. She stood right in front of a large house. In the house-passage a large bear-skin was suspended, and the bear now began to get scent of her. She heard someone calling from within the house: "Only enter, it will not hurt thee!" She passed the bear-skin, but she could see the nostrils sniffing greatly. Then she entered the house. It was a bear in a human shape, which lived there together with its little children, and it was its skin she had seen in the house-passage. Now she had entered their house.

At last the great bear said to her: "Now keep my two children company, then I will fetch food for thee!" Then it went out, and remained away for some time. When it came back, it had a large seal in its mouth. It took it into the house and began to flense and divide it up, and when it had finished it, it gave it to them to eat, large chunks with much blubber on them. The human being was not accustomed to eat blubber, so she cut off the blubber. When the children saw it, they said to their mother: "Aunt, put blubber on it!" But the mother said to her children: "Now only eat it as it is, we must do as the human beings do!" The bear used its gall as a lamp. The woman now remained with them for some time, staying with the bears.

At last she again began to want to go away, and the bear said to her: "Now let be talking (of us). I should be sorry for the sake of my children, as they are not yet quite grown up!" She agreed: "I will say nothing whatsoever!" Then she went out and wandered homewards. She was in a great hurry getting off, and then she came home to her family.

Here she lay down to sleep for a little while, but in lying down she said to her husband: "Let me louse thee!" pretending that she felt a great inclination to do so. She began to louse him and bent right down to his ear: "I have come across bears some distance from here; I have met them myself." Heigh-ho, her husband indeed became very busy. "Bears, she says, which she has met some distance from here." He was in a great hurry to make himself ready to set off. But now the poor woman said: "Wherever shall I hide?" — "Under the platform, in the side-house." Here she now crept in and hid, as he had said, and then they set off.

When they now had left, it is told, a large bear began to approach. It came right up to the house and entered it. Here it asked a man: "Where is the poor thing?" The man only pointed towards her, towards the space under the platform without saying anything. The bear hauled her out and carried her outside. It bit well into her fur-hood and dragged her along by her hair. When it had taken her out, it tore off her head and only threw the body on the refuse-heap. The head it kicked in front of it and thus carried it away.

While it thus played at ball with her poor head, the dogs began to pursue it. They pursued it with all their might, and as they would not abandon the pursuit, the bear at last began to rise upwards, all the time playing at ball with the poor head of the woman. But the dogs pursued it up into the air. All of them ascended to heaven and were transformed into "qilugtûssat", the constellation of "the Pleiades".

When they had risen upwards, the sledges returned. They had only found the two bear-cubs, which the mother had killed by hitting the backs of their heads. It was all the prey they got home with them from their hunt. Thus it killed her, poor thing.

VI.3.2 **37. The Blind Boy and his Sister (The Genesis of the Narwhal).**

(*Text: I, p. 152. Amaunalik — Phon.*)

Now again, it is told, a woman and her grandchildren were deserted by their countrymen, they having nothing whatsoever to live on—a little girl and her elder brother together with their grandmother. The boy was blind and had been so from his birth. Thus they now lived alone in the house.

At last one day a great bear came up to them. It placed itself in front of the window and began to sniff at it. When the grandmother saw it, she said to her little blind grandson: "Try to shoot it; I will bend the bow and take aim for thee." She took aim, and he shot at it–what a tremendous crack it was! But the old woman said: "Oh, what a pity, it was the front wall thou shottest, it was only the front wall thou shottest." — He knew indeed that she lied, for he had hit it right in the chest. "What a bungler that thou couldst not hit it properly!" the grandmother kept on saying. Then she went out together with the boy's sister, and she said to her: "We will let be giving thy little blind brother anything. Let us drag the bear some distance from here; then we can eat it there. Tell him nothing; he is blind, so that he is not in need of so much to eat." Then they dragged the bear far away in order to flense it, and the grandmother began cutting it up. But afterwards the girl went to her elder brother saying: "Thou

gotst a bear. Indeed, thou gotst the great bear. Now we are going to boil and to eat properly. She is flensing it some distance from here; she says that I am not to say anything to thee." Thus the grandmother kept on treating him, and whenever he came up to her, she and the sister went their way and left him.

At last they began to boil meat, and while the grandmother boiled, the girl first went to see her brother. Then they began to eat, and to be sure how they ate! When she was with the brother, she said: "Let me first tie up my under jacket, then I will try to get thee some food!" When she had thus tied up her under-jacket (at the lower edge), she only thrust her chin in under it and let little bits of meat fall down within it, so that in this manner she might bring her brother something to eat. Then they began to eat greatly, and every time she came home with food for her brother, because all the time she let her morsels of meat fall down within her jacket, and that in spite of the fact that the grandmother kept on saying to her: "It is dreadful how voracious she is, to be sure she gorges herself—cannot she be stopped at all?" — "I only eat so quickly because I am hungry!" she answered, and thus she now ever brought food to her brother, on her naked body, whenever they went away to boil, because the grandmother would not give him anything.

Finally one day the little blind brother said to her: "I am also terribly thirsty, I am in such need of having something to drink. Wilt thou not take me down to the great lake that I may get something to drink by myself." When he had said thus to his sister, she took her brother by the hand and led him to the lake, away from the grandmother, while weeping bitterly. When they got there, he told her to go home again, and he said to her: "When thou goest back to our grandmother, thou must place stones all along the road, by piling small stones one on top of another." Then she left her brother down there at the lake and went home, ever weeping. She went along, weeping incessantly, and all along the road she piled up small stones.

Her elder brother now remained there at the bank of the lake, as he was very thirsty and could not himself go there in order to drink. When he had been sitting there for some time, after his sister had left, he at last heard a terrible whizzing, and a large bird came up to him saying: "Catch hold of me by my neck!" This he did, and now it carried him away from the bank, the blind boy who could not see anything. Out on the lake it dived down with him and remained under the water for a long time. When at last it emerged, he was quite exhausted. "Well, how art thou?" — "I am not at all bad," he said— and then it said again: "Well once more, take care that thou dost not let go, but cling to me!" Then it again dived down, and now stayed

there for a long, long time, and only when he was on the point of letting go, it again emerged. "Well, how art thou now? — "I am beginning to sense something light." — "I am beginning to sense something light!" — "Well then, once more! Take care not to lose hold of me." And this time it remained so long under water that he was entirely exhausted. When at last they emerged, it asked as before: "Well, how art thou?" — "Now I can begin to see somewhat." — "Now I can begin to see somewhat!—Then we will try once more. Now take care not to lose hold of me!" But this time he was on the point of letting go, as he was nearly choked. And when at long last they emerged, and it asked: "How art thou?" he answered: "Now I have got my sight; now I am quite well." Then the great bird said to him: "Yes, now thou hast become quite well. On occasion I will send something which thou canst eat." And when it had said thus to him, it went away.

Now having got his sight, he began to look for the stones which his little sister had piled up. Yes indeed, there they were. He began to follow them and wandered along. At last he was not far from home; he was not far from the place where they lived. Here he caught sight of a large distended bearskin, and when he had looked at it for a little while, he went up to the house, home to his grandmother and his little sister, He came home, and now he had become entirely seeing. When he entered he said: "By the way I saw a bearskin over there, a large distended skin." — "It is one we have got as a present, Pêrsorssuaq having left it behind him," said the grandmother and kept on lying to him. And thus they now remained there, and nothing special happened.

One day at last he caught sight of white whales, some large white animals swimming just outside. As they did not go away, he made ready to harpoon them and attached the rear end of the harpoon line to his little sister, who in this way became his hunting partner and was to have the tail-piece. In this way he harpooned a little white whale young, attaching the line to the leg of his sister. But when the old woman saw it, she said: "Also attach the line to me!" He really did as she asked him and attached the line to her. Then he again lifted the harpoon in order to throw it, while the grandmother said: "The little one there, the little one there!" He harpooned a little white whale, and the grandmother now also became hunting partner. She began to be eager and now kept on saying: "Make haste, one more, one more!" But this time he harpooned its great mother, which swam the farthest out. The grandmother began to haul in the line, but she could not hold it, and although she caught hold of the kamik of her grandchild, so that it was quite torn at the seam, the white

whale carried her away. It pulled her out and dived down with her, so that she was entirely under water. Several times she emerged and kept on crying: "My ulo, my ulo, my ulo!" At the same time twining her hair into a point, all along calling for her ulo in order to cut the line. Thus it pulled her down under the water and carried her away, and at last she was transformed into a narwhal, a black he-narwhal with a long tusk.

The sister and her elder brother now remained there for the time being, and at last they began to long to see human beings. They set out, and now they wandered and wandered. While wandering along they caught sight of a little sparrow. They could see that it made vain efforts to be delivered, because its vagina had become dry. The little sister spat on her finger and touched it with it. When it was now delivered, they were very happy, the two little sparrows. They thanked them with all their hearts, and at last they presented them with a dog and a large piece of wood and a piece of wrought wood (a wooden dish). It was a white dog. These things they took with them, and together with the dog they again wandered along.

At last they came across a large house. As the brother was getting thirsty, he said to his little sister: "There is a large house over there, canst thou not go in and get me something to drink." The sister went in there, and in the house-passage she said: "Something is asked for my elder brother to drink." — "Enter, enter!" sounded from in there, and it could be heard, how their house-elder, who was sitting at the rear of the sleeping platform, now made haste to move towards the edge. "Enter! Enter!" But for the time being she only continued saying: "Something is asked for my elder brother to drink." But when the old man kept on asking her to enter, she at last did so. The brother heard her utter a cry, when they seized her; and understanding that something was wrong, he went in after her. He placed himself in such a manner that he blocked the entrance, and now he saw that the claw-trolls were licking the last remains of the bones of his little sister, who was lying there on the floor. He became so angry that he took the large wooden piece, which the sparrows had given him, and thrust it into their stomachs so that they died. One of the women at last tried to flee into the side-house, but also her he stabbed in her stomach, and he also killed a little claw-troll, which had fallen down on the floor. Then he began to collect the bones of his little sister in his sealskin jacket, while weeping bitterly over them. When he had collected them and tied up his jacket, he put them on his back and set out; and at the same time his little dog was transformed into a dog figure, the wooden dish into a leaf and the wooden piece into a grass straw.

Thus he now wandered along, while he continued singing incessantly, carrying the bones of his little sister on his back. When some time had elapsed, he could feel that the bones of his sister began to grow heavier. At last they became very heavy, and he now heard his sister uttering a sound and saying: "Great brother, would

I could be put in order a little!" He took down her bones and put them in order, and then he again put them on his back. And then he wandered on, ever singing and weeping. When some time had elapsed, he heard her again saying: "Great brother, would that I could be put in order a little!" He again put the bones in order and wandered along. Then he wandered for a long time, and the sister up there by and by became very heavy to carry. At last she said: "Great brother, would that I might get down and walk!"

But her brother said to her: "Wait a moment, now wait a moment!" When now, however, she kept on repeating: "Great brother, would that I might get down and walk!" Then he let her at last try, whether she was able to walk. She immediately became exhausted, so that he had again to put her on his back and carry her. But when they had been walking for some distance, she now again began to say as before: "Great brother, would that I might get down and walk!" While he ever kept on answering: "Now only wait a little, now only wait at little!" But at last he permitted her to walk.

They now again wandered together, ever wandering. In one place they caught sight of a quantity of large round pieces of reindeer tallow. They began to sniff at them, and to be sure they smelled of dung. They were excrements. After some time they came to a great number of people, and when the little sister saw them, she hid behind the back of her brother. When they came right up to them, they asked the brother: "What is wrong with thy companion?" — "She is in the habit of hiding, because people up there have eaten her." — "We are not man-eaters, we assure you; she need not be afraid that we should eat her!" — The people there were inland-dwellers and had no anus at all. What they ate did not become ordinary excrements, but reindeer-tallow which they kept in their mouths, and in their hands they had a split through which they urinated, while using their large mouths as anuses. With them the brother and the sister now took up their abode.

At last the little sister got a husband. One of them married her and had her as his wife; and at last she became pregnant, one of the others being pregnant at the same time. When the wife of the inland-dweller became big, and it looked as if she were going to give birth, their oldest old man began to cut her up. He simply cut up her stomach and took out the little child, and afterwards the stomach closed up again. When now the human wife became big, the old man also wanted to cut up her stomach, but the brother said to him: "No, let her be! She can be delivered by herself!" And after a while she gave birth to a child. When the old woman of the inland-dwellers discovered that the little child had an anus, she said: "Now only look, I have got a little grandchild with an anus,—where is my meat stick, where is my meat stick?" When she had found it, she sat down on it and thrust it into herself, because she would like to have an anus. What a noise it made, when it broke! Thus she died, when trying to make herself an anus, only in order to be like her little grandchild.

VI.3.3 The Body-snatcher Troll(The Origin of the Fog)

42. Variant A.

(Text: I, p. 190. Inugarssuk — Phon.)

People who had died began to disappear. At last it was discovered that the dead bodies were taken from the graves by a wolf in human form. When it thus kept on stealing them, there was at last a man who pretended to be dead, and his family buried him. He now verily heard it coming, and when it had taken him out of the grave, it put him on its back and carried him away. But while it was dragging him along, the apparently dead man ever seized the opportunity to catch hold of the willow-branches; and whenever that happened, the wolf said charms over him: "Why does he up there stick fast all along?" Thus they wandered along, and at last it reached home to its two children and went in to them.

While the man now remained lying there, the wolf-wife went out to gather fuel. But first she lay down to sleep, because she was tired. Her two children began to look at him, and they said: "The food (?) over there opens its eyes, the food opens its eyes." But she only answered: "What a pity that he opens them, it is only a little while ago that he clung to the willow-branches." At last she awoke and went out to gather fuel. When she had been away for some time, he killed the two children and dug himself out of the house by making a hole in the ceiling. He got out through the rear end of the house and leapt along at full speed. But in a little while he could hear that the woman was pursuing him. She ran along in order to pursue him, and all along she kept on crying: "Wait a little, wait a little!"

At last the man passed a small hill, and when he had got over it, he said: "Hill, grow up!" It grew up so that it now took a very long time to get over it; but nevertheless she soon afterwards began coming nearer. He had now crossed a small river, and when the woman reached it, he said: "Little river, swell!" It began to swell violently, while she only stood looking at it, unable to get across. It being impossible for her to cross it, she asked him: "How didst thou get over the river?" — "By drinking it, only by drinking my fill of it, thus I managed to cross it!" Indeed, she began to drink all she chould, in order to try to empty the river. But at last she said: "How didst thou manage to empty it?" — "Only by drinking, only by drinking my fill of it!" And she drank, and she drank. At last the man said to her: "Bend down and look at thy fur-flap!" Bur when she bent down and looked, she burst and was entirely transformed into fog.

Thus a fog now settled over the land, so that he could not see anything, but had to wait till the fog disappeared. He managed to kill her, the man-eater who carried away the buried people from their graves. She ended by becoming fog.—Then I know no more of that story; now it is finished!

VI.3.4 80. Navaranâpaluk (Amer. var.).

(Text: I, p. 256. Amaunalik — Phon.)

Navaranâpaluk, it is told, was taken as a wife by one of the inuit (human beings: Eskimos). She often used to stay away, and when she went away, she put mittens on her feet as kamiks. Thus she often used to stay away for a long time. When then, after a fairly long absence, she returned, her husband used to bore her knees, and when he reached the bone, she cried bitterly. Whenever it thus hurt very badly, she used to say to him: "How many brothers is it thou hast?—Usângat, their father, Qulingat, their father, Paumin, Pausângin, Mingumin, Mingusângin, Tarqulik, Tarqugssâq, Mâjô, Qatitúnaq!" — And when she had thus named them, her husband used to say: "Please, only fetch thy brothers!" And after a while she put the mittens on her feet and went off staying away for a while. And when she again returned, the husband beat her and at last bored her in the knee, and then she again enumerated her brothers and the husband answered: "Please, fetch them—when thou hast so many brothers, only fetch them!"

One day while all the men were out hunting and stayed away for a very long while, it happened at last that Navaranâpaluk's brothers indeed made their appearance, finding only women at home. They began to kill them at random. Some of them tried to hide, one covered herself with a skin she was scraping, and one hid under a bin for dogs' feed, turning it upside down. Another set fire to some old offal, and as they could not stand the smell, they let be going in to her. When at last Navaranâpaluk's brothers had finished killing, they thrust wooden poles into the posteriors of the dead bodies, and placing them upright in front of the entrance they went away. Those who had hidden, however, kept on hiding, the one under her skin, the other one under the food-bin, and she who had set fire to her offal remained in the house. Thus they now stayed there.

At last the men, who had been out hunting, began to return. They said to each other that someone seemed to be outside, and went to see who of those that had remained at home was now standing outside their house-passage. They went up to them, but although they spoke to them, they never moved, and when they came quite close to them, they saw that they were dead and had had poles thrust through their posteriors. They also found those who had hidden. They said: "They have murdered our companions!" The men answered: "Twine sinew-thread, twine sinew-thread for bow-strings!" And then they themselves began to make bows and arrows. "Now we are going to make war properly!" The three women twined with all their might, in order to make bow-strings for their bows, while the men were busy making arrows. The skin was entirely worn off their thumbs and forefingers, because they had to twine as much as they could manage, they being only three in number. At last the men were all provided with new bows and had made a great number of arrows. Then they began to shamanize, in order to see where the inland dwellers were, and Navaranâpaluk and her relatives now also waited for them to come.

Aften having shamanized they then set off and wandered about for a long while. At last they caught sight of a large valley, where two old women were distending a reindeer skin. One of the women went and said to the other: "I have dreamt of two lice fighting each other. At that time when people were going to make war, I also dreamt of two lice fighting each other. Let us rather begin to practice head-lifting!" They now made great haste to get home to their companions. The others followed them, but all along took care to hide themselves from them. And to be sure after some time they saw their large tent appear. People were gathering in it, and when they had entered it, they also began to practise head-lifting. They had a large dog. The men now walked towards the tent, where they could hear them practising head-lifting, but now the dog began to bark at them. They could hear the eldest man of the inland-dwellers trying to hush it: "Tâliaq, be quiet over there!" — The dog, however, kept on barking, and its master again hushed it—so wrapped up were they with practising head-lifting. At last they were quite close to the tent and placed themselves before the entrance, where they began to shoot the men in there, while sparing the women, because they wanted to have them as their wives. Thus they kept on shooting, until they had killed all the men.

When at last they had put an end to them, they took themselves wives among their womenfolk, because they had lost their wives, and Navaranâpaluk said: "Who wants to take me as a wife?" — for there was no one who wanted her any longer, she having caused the killing of their womenfolk. But then two men came up to her saying: "Let us have thee as a wife!" At that very moment they began running away with her, having caught hold of her hands. They ran with all their might, so that Navaranâpaluk was obliged to leap over stock and stone. At last they cut off her arms—how her blood squirted! When the other women saw that, they began to sing:

"Navaranâ, now indeed
she has just become flensed,
with arms of blood
she runs along, she jumps along!"

Thus the blood squirted, while she leapt along, that it looked like arms.

VI.3.5 130. The Deserted Girls.

(*Text: I, p. 319. Amaunalik — Phon.*)

Two young girls, who as a matter of fact were only children, were deserted by their parents. They went away and left their daughters behind—and there they now were, quite alone. At last they had no more to eat, and they therefore set out wandering in the hope of finding their parents. But the latter had already been away for a long time. Thus they now wandered along, and at last they arrived at a house with a large entrance. The elder girl now said to her sister: "Go thou

in first!" But she answered: "No, thou must really go in first!" And thus they kept on saying to each other at the entrance: "Go thou in first!" — "No, thou!" At last the younger sister entered, and the elder followed her. In the house they found two men, a man and his younger brother, and the elder took the younger sister, and the younger the elder. With them they now remained, and by and by the men took them as their wives.

At last the younger sister began to the pregnant, thus stealing a march on the elder. And after she had given birth to a child, her husband now used to caress it greatly, before they went out hunting. While the women were still sleeping, they then started out and used to stay away for some time. This lasted for a while—whenever they had awakened and were starting out, he first caressed the infant.

At last, when as usual she lay sleeping, the elder sister heard the men talking, and she heard one of them saying: "Let us murder her elder sister some day, she who never will be pregnant!" And the other one assented. Then they went away. When they were away, and the younger sister awoke, she now told her: "The younger brother will murder me some day. He will murder me, he said, because I cannot get pregnant!"

After some time, when the men had again started out after first having petted their little child, the two women at last went away. They wandered away, as fast as they could, and kept on wandering. When it grew dark, they came to a huge crack in the mountains, and the elder now began saying charmed words in order to make it close up. The crack closed after them, and here they lay down to sleep. After a while they heard a strong creaking—the husbands were approaching. And when they were now right over them, the elder sister heard her husband saying, how annoyed he was: "Why did we wait so long before killing her. It is a pity that we did not make haste to kill her!" Thus they stood up there saying, but at last they could be heard to return home. Then they first lay down to sleep, and when they awoke, the elder sister again said charmed words. Thus they again got out, and continued their wandering.

At last they began to walk on the ice. But also here they came to a large crack, where there were no crossing places. And again the elder sister said charmed words, and they got to a place, which it was possible to cross, and afterwards the crack opened again. Thus they now wandered along in the spring, and at last they reached land, where they continued walking along the shore.

In one place they caught sight of a great number of tusks, but they passed by them, and at last they saw a tent. Here they went up, and when they came to it, they drew aside the curtain—here were their parents. The old people burst out crying, when they recognized their children. The elder sister now began to tell: "We have seen a great quantity of tusks!" And the father said: "We have also seen them a little while ago, but as we are too old, we cannot take them along, although we would otherwise have liked to go there again!"

VII. Concluding Remarks

At the beginning of the present report (p. 6; section I.0) we outlined what we would demand from the tales selected at this stage.

In the Turkish group, there may be some tinge of doubt as to whether the narrator of The Gold Apple is what is termed an active narrator - and to some extent, the same goes for Boratav's mother, whose tales have been recorded from 1928 to '62. Here, however, we must rely on the judgement of Pertev Boratav.

In the Danish group, we are assured that the tales were told by active narrators thanks to the system used by Bengt Holbek in his selection of the tales for his work. The tales, however, are not verbatim recordings. This is simply because there is no living oral narrative tradition in Denmark, and Evald Tang Kristensen was in fact recording material from more or less the last generation to grow up with it. On the other hand, his immense experience and unique faithfulness towards the narrators is in itself a guarantee that the tales are as close as we can get to the oral tradition and hence "uncontaminated" norms in Denmark.

In the Greenlandic group, all tales were told by the community's top narrators, so the demands are amply fulfilled on all counts. But we are faced with a special problem. The tales were recorded in the very small settlement of Thule with a few hundred people. This means that the tales are very local, and carry a lot of implicit information normally known to both narrator and audience and hence not worth detailing.

All told, however, all three groups clearly have a number of strong cultural bonds and cultural norms: marriage is highly esteemed in the Turkish tales, and the roles of the sexes pretty clear. In the Danish tales, the themes are growing up (Girl); establishing oneself in a household (Prince), and coping with suppression and adultery (Per), all in an indisputably agricultural society. And in the Greenlandic tales death always looms large in the polar surroundings.

In transferring these texts into modern Danish, we do not claim that we have been extremely accurate. This is unnecess-

ary at this stage, where we only want to find the one out of three or five tales in each group that elicits most legitimate responses with readers. What matters is that it is the same person that has taken all the tales in one group through the same stage, and thus assured that the procedure is passably identical with all tales.

Thus it is only Viron Valasaki who has translated the Turkish tales into Danish. It is only Cay Dollerup who modernised the Danish tales. It is only Erik Holtved who translated the Greenlandic tales into English, and only Cay Dollerup who translated them into Danish: there has been a uniform procedure at each stage - which of course, is not, in itself, identical with a flawless one - only a guarantee that no story has "profited" or "suffered" from any special treatment.

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AN OVERVIEW OF PROGRESS IN FOLKTALE AS OF 15 MARCH '85

Questionnaire on background variables (Stage 7):
First version discussed, written out and printed: 84/II.
First version tested with c. 40 readers in Denmark: 85/II.

Danish texts (Stages 1 and 2):
Three tales selected from a larger group, 79/I;
slightly modernised, read by c. 25 readers, responses analysed, best text identified: 80/I.
Language modernised in Danish: 83/II.

Turkish Tales (Stages 1 and 2).
Three tales selected by us from a larger group: 79/II.
Translated into Danish and typed: 83/II.
Read by Danish readers: 84/I.
Responses analysed and the best text identified: 85/I.

Greenlandic Tales (Stages 1 and 2).
Five tales selected from us by us from a larger group: 83/I and II.
Translated from English into Danish and typed 83/II.
Read by Danish readers: 84/I.
Responses analysed and the best text tentatively identified: 85/I.

PUBLICATIONS FROM THE PROJECT

Dollerup, Cay, Bengt Holbek, Iven Reventlow, Carsten Rosenberg Hansen, "The Ontological Status, the Formative Elements, the "Filters" and Existences of Folktales: A Discussion". Fabula 24 (1984).